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A NEW CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

What joy to write of Shakespeare! To deal with him is like dipping into the Fountain of Youth and rising renewed and resplendent. It is said of Rossetti that he never tired of anyone who could talk to him of Keats. No reiteration of critical comment can weary the Shakespeare-lover. He can read the driest gossip that has to do with his god, he can sit out the fiftieth hearing of one of the plays. Merely to recite to himself the names of the plays, to call the roll of his favorite characters, to let the music and picture of the verse steal over his mind, is like holding up to his eye jewel after jewel from an Orient casket — ruby, diamond, emerald, and pearl — and watching the flash and sparkle and play of color; it is like walking in the garden of Alcinous, where apple succeeded apple and pear succeeded pear, and blossom and fruit were on the branch at once.

For Shakespeare is not only himself alone. The intellect of the world has been squandered upon him for centuries. He has, as it were, robbed generation after generation to add to his own store. Think of the critics who have come from all four quarters of the globe, bearing their gifts of honey or spices to lay at his feet! Think of the artists and illustrators whose embodiments, whether successful or not, are ranged tier beyond tier in our minds! Think of the players, at once the best critics and best illustrators of Shakespeare, whose melody of voice, whose stateliness or beauty or charm of person, are inextricably blent in our memories with the poetry itself! Our thought of Shakespeare is truly a complex of association.

It is more for mere delight in dealing with the subject, than with any hope of unearthing a critical treasure-trove, that some suggestions are ventured as to the classification of the plays. A chronological arrangement, if it could be got at, would be the ideal one, as showing the development of Shakespeare's mind and art. But that is not to be hoped for. The ordinary division, into comedies, histories, and tragedies, is crude enough. Some of the plays classed as comedies are thoroughly tragic; and there are many of mixed species. Why not let them pair and group

into families, according to their inward characteristics? Mates and natural companions would suit and set each other off better than if separated by intruding and discordant pieces.

There are, first, the two farces, "The Comedy of Errors" and "The Taming of the Shrew." Barring the Christopher Sly framework of the latter piece, which is in his richest natural vein, these plays are like nothing else of Shakespeare's. He was trying his hand at the Latin or Italian type of comedy; and while they are mechanical to a degree compared with his other work, they have immense skill and vivacity and theatrical life.

Then there are the two comedies of fancy, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" and "Love's Labour's Lost,"—the first, boyish, gentle, tame, but with gleams of the truest humor and with the unfolded buds of half of Shakespeare's garden of comedy in it; the second, the very riot of youthful wit and imagination and feeling. Tennyson's "Princess" is the modern analogue of "Love's Labour's Lost," and, though rich and elaborate, has little of the vividness and reality and headlong high spirits of the older work.

Next come Shakespeare's great plays of pure humor and wit. There is the dazzling "Much Ado about Nothing," which, though with a sheen of poetry over it, and even a sudden opening abyss of passion, is yet predominantly humorous. Then there are the two parts of "Henry IV.," with their scenes of heroism and war and statecraft serving as a mere foil to the more important adventures of Falstaff. And there is the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where that incarnation of Original Evil, that projection of the irresponsible part of humanity, wallows about like Behemoth in a sea too small for him. Cleon, Miles Gloriosus, Trimalchio, Panurge, Sancho Panza, and their later descendants Dick Swiveller and Micawber, all creep along in fiction under the shadow of the mighty bulk of Falstaff.

"Twelfth Night" and "As You Like It" form a separate species of Shakespeare's work—the species of poetic humor; and they are alone in their kind in literature. Aristophanes beats Shakespeare in airy inventiveness, as in "The Birds" and "The Clouds." Rabelais rivals him in the comedy of wisdom—the sage's look behind the grotesque mask. Cervantes and Sterne equal him in the humor of contrasts; Molière surpasses him in cool social satire. But for poetry, romance, passion, tenderness, wit, humor, fun, all blended together into an intoxicating draught of happiness, there is nothing

like these two plays. They are the top and crown of the whole world's work in comedy. And, as being unique, we could almost have the heart to declare them Shakespeare's masterpieces. For in tragedy the world may produce something to equal his best, as indeed it has done in the past; but it is improbable that anyone will ever again recover the Golden Age as it is embodied in these two plays.

In the two comedies of the imagination, "The Tempest" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream," we are on the turn of the tide which is to sweep us toward great and serious poetry. Comedy abounds in both; but the latter piece is an ironic, not a real, presentation of life, and in "The Tempest" the deep grave notes of poetry boom like surf on a sunny day, advertising one of shipwreck and death. As anyone who has seen Miss Russell's recent production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" can realize, that piece is a view of human life seen from Fairyland. The fairies are the sane and reasonable personages, the men and women the incongruous and absurd ones.

"Cymbeline" and "The Winter's Tale" have always been called romances, and there is no better name for them; only I would add "The Merchant of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet" to the group. In all, the serious, if not tragic, interest prevails, and in all there is a rich vividness in the outward setting and a tumultuous passion in the life portrayed, which is different from anything in the comedies. The sunlight is stronger and the shadows are deeper. "The Merchant of Venice" is the more multi-form and many-colored. It is like a bed of tiger-lilies, which in the end blanch out into pure white. "Romeo and Juliet" is the most intense in feeling and most single in action of all Shakespeare's plays. It leaps on like flash after flash of lightning, almost intolerably dazzling and splendid. "The Winter's Tale," handicapped by a bad story in the beginning, and divided into two parts, only recovers itself as a poem in the second half, where the pastoral scenes and pomp of festival and Perdita's charm lift it to a high level. Yet the earlier action is more theatrically effective. In reading the play, one almost pities Shakespeare for such an obvious "god from the machine" device as the oracle. But the thing is triumphantly powerful on the stage. We are all agreed about the central character and central scenes of "Cymbeline." Nothing in Shakespeare touches the imagination and the heart more deeply than Imogen's adventurous flight and seeming death,

There is a group of four pieces which might be named the satire plays. It consists of "All's Well that Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Timon of Athens." No other play is so hard to place in this arrangement as the first of these. It is highly romantic in the figure of the heroine, but Bertram and Parolles are dealt with in the spirit of unsparing satire. "Measure for Measure" is Shakespeare's grimdest work. Earth's blackness and earth's decay pervade it, with one figure of the purest light moving about amid its bagnios and prisons and charnel-houses. "Troilus and Cressida" is Shakespeare's one great parody. After spending his life in celebrating greatness and beauty and truth and honor, he turned in inexplicable disgust to strike at everything he believed in. In "Timon of Athens" he followed the Lucianic work so closely that the play has less originality than anything he did. He added a scenic splendor and fulness to the bare Greek dialogue, and to the later speeches of the great misanthrope gave a power and majesty of scorn which makes all other satire seem tame and hollow.

The four great tragedies of power and passion, "Lear," "Hamlet," "Macbeth," and "Othello," have always been recognized as isolated in Shakespeare's work, the equal and dominating peaks of his mountain range. "Othello" seems decidedly inferior to the other three in power and interest. Yet its theme — the contest of Good and Evil, which is the central idea of most religions — has probably never been so clearly and strongly embodied. In "Faust" there is really no struggle of opponents, for the German Doctor is at heart as bad as his familiar, and Marguerite is weak. In Milton, the moral principle has somehow got twisted, and we sympathize with the brave and noble Devil. In the Hindoo Rāmāyana, with its contest between Rāma and Rāvana over the pure and beautiful Sita, the theme is set forth powerfully, though with less concentration than in "Othello." Perhaps the reason for the slight coldness I feel towards "Othello" — I know not if anyone else shares it — is that the piece is too painful, too pathetic. The misfortunes of the good characters are undeserved, are brought about by their frankness, trustfulness, and nobility. Lear's fate is largely due to his own temper, and his ruin is demanded for the exhibition of the utmost grandeur of human character. Macbeth and his wife only get their come-uppance. And I defy anyone to pity Hamlet of the kingly mien and mind. But we

must say "Poor Othello!" "Poor Desdemona!" "The pity of it" is predominant in our minds.

The three Roman plays we should denominate scenical tragedies. Shakespeare's mind does not seem thoroughly at home in the Roman world of law and form. He was, indeed, like a mountain, which has one side facing the north, lit by gray skies or the mystic glamor of the moon, with prodigious precipices, with glaciers, with impenetrable forests; but whose other side slopes gently to the south and to the sun, and shows fields and vineyards and temples and peopled towns. But it was the Greek or later Italian life of the South with which he was in sympathy, — a life whose ideals were liberty and leisure, art and love. Roughly speaking, it may be said that nobody works in Shakespeare's plays. Warriors and statesmen, of course, there are; but most of his characters are technically ladies and gentlemen. If tradesmen or handcraftsmen are introduced, they are treated with a good deal of contempt. The harsh Roman world of duty and discipline did not much inspire him. It did not inspire the Roman poets. So it follows that, good as "Coriolanus" and "Julius Caesar" are, Shakespeare's one triumphant achievement in this field is in "Antony and Cleopatra." The Greek queen — that colossal courtesan who took in empires for a night's caress — is studied with loving care and portrayed with supreme success.

The inferiority of historic to legendary or freely invented material for literary creation is illustrated in the chronicle plays which remain to be noted. With the exception of two or three of the comedies, they are the least valuable of Shakespeare's works. Only two of them, indeed, — and those the two in which legend has the most part, "Richard III." and "Henry V." — possess at all the fused and flaming character of works of art. The rest are things of shreds and patches — splendid shreds and patches indeed, as in the passion of Constance, the pathos of Arthur, the superb truculence and truth of Falstaff in "King John," the character of Catherine in "Henry VIII.," and passage upon passage in the three parts of "Henry VI." In "Richard II." Shakespeare is beating up against the wind of an unpromising subject — tacking and veering with great skill and persistence, but not really arriving anywhere.

Of the two doubtful plays, "Pericles" is not doubtful at all. It is authentic Shakespeare in great part, though doubtless patched up with older work. The wanderings of the Prince of Tyre and the sufferings of his daughter are most

affecting, and there is little to wonder at in the popularity of the piece which moved Ben Jonson to wrath. "Titus Andronicus" is about as bad a play as was ever written, but that is no reason why it should not have been the work of the youthful Shakespeare. That such a mind as his should have come to years of majority without doing anything in verse, is incredible. Crude and horrible as the piece is, it has power. The young poet who begins with power may go far; the one who begins with good taste has already reached the length of his tether.

It is hardly necessary to say that the order in which the plays are printed does not seem of any particular importance. But it is interesting to note the resemblances and relationships among them, and to observe the considerable number of groups into which they break up. For Shakespeare's title to the throne of universal literature rests on his variety. He is lord of more domains than any other poet. Homer has no humor, no mystery, no romantic idealism. Aeschylus is altogether outside of humor, almost outside of humanity. Dante has a grim wit, but the lighter and kindlier traits of man are hidden from him; he is intolerant of two-thirds of human nature. And if we turn to the comedians, they fail in seriousness, in splendor, in beauty. But Shakespeare's hand is on all the sceptres of all the rulers of literature. Supreme religious ecstasy is the only region where his dominion is not assured; and he wanders around its borders in constant metaphysical debate and wonder.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE PROSPERITY OF THE WRITERS OF THE "BEST SELLERS OF THE SEASON" has moved Mr. H. G. Wells to epigram. He says that in old days the authors died and the books lived; while now the books die and the authors live. Mr. Wells himself is so good a writer that his chance of breaking into what he calls the motor-car class in literature must be remote. For so delightful a humorist, he is singularly serious. He takes the fate of mankind and the follies of society hard. The world is too much with him; like Atlas, he has it always on his shoulders. He has reformed the world, or prophesied its dire and hopeless future, in a half-dozen books. Fascinating and remarkable as these are, they are so redolent of chemicals, so resonant with the buzzing of machinery, that they repel the ordinary literary instinct. It is Poe without his profundity, Jules Verne without his cheerfulness. The tragedy in them is not the tragedy of individ-

uals, which the masses always thrill to, — it is the tragedy of the masses, which only a few individuals can recognize. Fortunately for Mr. Wells's fame, a number of his books are written in a different mood, under another inspiration. There is "The Wheels of Chance," for example. One associates this story with Mr. Aldrich's "Queen of Sheba," Mr. Howells's "Lady of the Aroostook," and Mr. Viele's "Inn of the Silver Moon." It is more real than any of these, and not less romantic. How, in a mere handsbreadth, as it were, of apparently unstudied prose, there can be crowded so much humor, so many clear and glowing vignettes of English scenery, and such a collection of eccentric yet unforced characters is a wonder and a study. Mr. Wells's longest novel, "Kippa," is a re-handling of the same theme. It wants the freshness of the earlier story, but is even more masterly, and has one character at least which is in the ranks of first-class comedy creations. But even in this book Mr. Wells's social worries rather embarrass his art. He seems to have an ever-lingering doubt whether in this sorry world he has the right to take joy in his own creative gifts. . . .

THE GENTLE ART OF EXTRA-ILLUSTRATING, in these days of cheap and numerous process prints, is within the reach of nearly everyone who has taste or time for it. A pile of discarded magazines or a dollar's worth of "Perry Pictures," with scissors and paste, will furnish means for increasing the value and interest of a shelf-ful of old books — not new ones, whose immaculate pages and stiff bindings deprecate the extra-illustrator's attentions. A well-read and preferably somewhat loose-jointed copy of Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," for example, can be turned into a lavishly-illustrated volume by inserting appropriate plates from a ten-cent album of old Salem's historic scenes. Longfellow's poems, too, offer material for the exercise of literary-artistic taste and skill. An easily obtainable view of the fine old tree-shaded mansion on East Street in Pittsfield where stood the ancient time-piece that ticked out its endless refrain of "forever — never! never — forever!" gives fresh meaning to "The Old Clock on the Stairs," and a penny picture of the Reef of Norman's Woe appropriately illustrates "The Wreck of the Hesperus." This is good work for invalids and convalescents; it helps to hang about the walls of the mind a tapestry of literary and historic associations, and, incidentally, it sometimes proves to be a pecuniarily profitable use of one's time — as when some rich collector takes a fancy to some product of the extra-illustrator's art and pays him a fancy price for it. . . .

THE OPENING OF THE ACADEMIC YEAR is at hand, and presently we shall hear from every side that entering classes are breaking all previous records for size. Our continued material prosperity has at least this good feature to it, that it makes possible a larger draughting of youth into the ranks

of college students. "Nowhere in the world," said Ambassador Bryce in his late address at Chicago University, "does there seem to be so large a part of the people that receive a university education as here in America. The effects of this will no doubt be felt in the coming generation. Let us hope they will be felt not only in the complete equipment of our citizens for public life and their warmer zeal for civic progress, but also in a true perception of the essential elements of happiness, a larger capacity for enjoying those simple pleasures which the cultivation of taste and imagination opens to us all." Earlier in the same address, which was entitled, "What University Instruction May do to Provide Intellectual Pleasures for Later Life," Mr. Bryce took occasion to emphasize the need that we increasingly feel as we grow older "to have all the help and inspiration for our own lives that poetry can give. Much of everyone's work is dull and depressing, and that escape from dulness which the strain of fierce competition or bold speculation gives is a dangerous resource. It is better to feed what I have called the inner life. Not all can succeed in life; none can escape its sorrows. He who under disappointments or sorrows has no resources within his own command beyond his business life, nothing to which he can turn to cheer or refresh his mind, wants a precious spring of strength and consolation." Let us hope, then, that out of the multitudes entering college this fall some considerable number will enter for the purpose of feeding the inner life rather than the foot-ball eleven, the boat crew, or the base-ball nine.

WHO ARE "FOREIGN AUTHORS"? is a question forcibly presented by Miss L. H. Soutar, a Scotch-woman, in a recent number of "*The Author*" of London. In the articles of association of the Society of Authors, the phrase "English and foreign authors" occurs; and Miss Soutar objects, as do many of her race, to this comprehensive use of the proper adjective. "Like the majority of Scotch and Irish people," she writes, "I feel resentful when our countries and peoples are grouped under the titles of England and English. If the Incorporated Society of Authors is a national institution and instituted to assist British authors, then I consider there is a lack of correctness in substituting the word English for British." Reference is then made to some of Scotland's famous writers, who could not properly be included in a list of English authors, but would surely take a high place in a catalogue of British poets and novelists. But what are we to do with Irish writers, with Charles Lever and Thomas Moore and Clarence Mangan? The people of the Emerald Isle would surely never consent to be called British, and still less would they care to have all authors of the United Kingdom grouped together under the designation Irish. There is Mr. Hall Caine, too, a Manxman, not to mention the Welsh writers; what are we to do with them? The Manchester "*Guardian*" humorously suggests

the mouth-filling compound "Anglirwelscotmanx" for the literature of the British islands. But the term "English" will not be driven out; as well might one object to the use of "Roman" as applied to the ancient empire of that name, or to "Yankee" as designating a citizen of the United States. The most important or best-known part usurps the prerogatives of the whole. A curious reverse usage, however, is found in the adjective "American," which is commonly understood as referring to this country.

THE SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS OF MODERN LITERATURE, its sophisticated, scientific, positive tone, and its individualism, which makes each writer a canon and measure to himself, are somewhat depressingly insisted upon by Mr. R. A. Scott-James in an English journal. He declares at the outset that good criticism, which Matthew Arnold defined as "a disinterested endeavour to learn and propagate the best that is known and thought in the world," cannot now be confined to the limits thus fixed. "For surely," he explains, "you cannot possibly know the best until you know something of the worst." But is that true? One might quote here, without too great irrelevancy, the definition of a good and wise judge in Plato's "*Republic*," and the philosopher's conclusion that "vice cannot know virtue, but a virtuous nature, educated by time, will acquire knowledge both of virtue and vice." And this sentiment, as is well enough known, our New England Plato has repeated. Mr. Scott-James maintains, further, that science has killed superstition, reason strangled fancy, and modern psychology made us introspective and uns spontaneous. This is true in part, but not in so full a sense as to leave us with the barren prospect contemplated by the essayist. We are conquering new kingdoms, invading and taking possession of new realms; yet this extension of our frontiers does not mean that there is to be no *terra incognita* beyond. We still march with it, the only difference being that our boundaries are immensely enlarged. The literary outlook was never so richly promising as now. From the chaos of contemporary publications, those fit to survive will in time be recognized by that "high seriousness" which Mr. Scott-James admires in Matthew Arnold, but thinks to be no longer possible in literary criticism.

THE POPULAR DEMAND FOR POETRY is admittedly small; hence the satisfaction we take in noting one poet — not a great poet, perhaps rather a member of the numerous company of minor poets — whose works have been in such demand as to necessitate their reprinting nearly every year since their collective issue eleven years ago. The following letter from Mr. Alfred Nutt to the London "*Press*" is worth reprinting for the encouragement it affords to those that have the cause of poetry at heart. "Will you allow Henley's publisher," writes Mr. Nutt, "to state his opinion that public appreciation of his work is far more widespread and deep-seated

than the writer of the admirable leader in your issue of the 11th inst. is disposed to admit. For a certain kind of popularity Henley would have had nothing but loathing, equal loathing for the tricks and artifices by which certain popular writers allow themselves to be boomed into public favor. Even if such artifices were not equally repugnant to myself, I should have felt precluded from using them on Henley's behalf. It is therefore significant that the sale of his best work maintains itself at a high level, it having been found necessary to reprint the 'Poems' almost every year since the collected edition of 1896; that there is a steadily increasing demand from compilers of anthologies for permission to include specimens of his work; and that composers also show an increasing appreciation of the essential singing qualities of his lyrics which kins him closer to Heine than any other English poet of the nineteenth century. The public is really not so fickle or so unintelligent as is sometimes feared. Good work finds its level, and the lovers of the best literature are not so few as is imagined." This letter is a credit to the publisher who writes it, as well as to the poet whose name it exalts.

THE PREVALENCE OF TRANSMITTED STUPIDITY is more noticeable than that of inherited genius. Great men's sons are conceded to bear little resemblance to their fathers, as a rule. It takes several generations for nature to recover from the exhaustion consequent on the endowment of a genius. Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon, Shakespeare, Scott, and Dickens, left no sons that could wield their sceptres. And yet Dickens did have one son, his youngest, the late Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, who could on occasion show a spark of his illustrious father's wit. Emigrating (not under compulsion) to Australia, he represented for six years a constituency in the parliament of New South Wales — although his legislative experience appears to have been unhappy, since he was heard to say, after being defeated by a labor candidate, that he was "out of health, out of temper, and out of pocket," because of having accepted an election to parliament. Once — and this was when he displayed a gleam of his father's brightness — he was addressing the House, when an opposing member, Willis by name, annoyed him repeatedly with snappish interruptions. Finally endurance could no further go, and Mr. Dickens turned to the chair and said: "Mr. Speaker, my father coined a famous phrase — 'Barkis is willing.' Under present circumstances I am strongly tempted to reverse it and say, 'Willis is barking.'" Laughter from the House and quiet from Willis then ensued.

A REVIVAL OF GREEK TRAGEDY IN FRANCE is reported, and it appears to enjoy a popular success that is both astonishing and gratifying. Houses are filled, and the people give unmistakable evidence of a capacity to appreciate something higher than continuous vaudeville. The movement began about twelve years ago, when the little city of Orange, in

the Midi, recollected that it had the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, built in the days when Gaul was in that tripartite condition of which every schoolboy has learned with tears and groans. With the aid of M. Mounet-Sully and support from the Théâtre Français, Sophocles's "Œdipus the King" was impressively rendered, in free translation. Other towns with ruins of Roman theatres, and even towns without them, took the hint, and out-of-door performances of Greek tragedy attained a certain vogue; eminent composers furnished the necessary choral music, and the best orchestras of France contributed of their skill as executants. The new fashion spread northward from rural southern France until the very suburbs of Paris caught the fever, and now it is reported that in the heart of the city itself, on the stages of the Comédie Française and the Théâtre Français, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides are played to appreciative audiences. In the spring and summer of this year "Electra" has had thirty performances — not a bad run for a Sophoclean play in the twentieth century. Noteworthy, too, is the popular refusal to be satisfied with any modern imitations of Greek tragedy: the real thing is demanded, and that with an urgency that makes it pay to give it. It looks as if it were turning out, after all, to be impossible to fool all the people all the time with inferior drama.

THE DECLINE OF THE POETIC DRAMA IN ENGLAND receives a new explanation, and to our mind not a very convincing one, from Mr. Walter Raleigh, who in his recent life of Shakespeare cuts off the heads of a good many flourishing weeds of criticism, while planting not a few new ones himself. "With the disappearance of the boy-players," says Mr. Raleigh, "the poetic drama died in England; and it has had no second life." Mr. Raleigh's "most exquisite reason" for this amazing theory is that "Poetry, like religion, is outraged when it is made a platform for the exhibition of their own talent or passion by those who are its ministers." In other words, the better a piece of literature is interpreted the worse it is, and the nearer to its death. We do not believe that the advent of women players had anything to do with the fall of the poetic drama. The elaboration of scenery may be partly to blame. But the simplest explanations are the lack of poetic genius in the dramatists, and a gradual coarsening of taste in the public. Even yet, audiences are responsive to what they think is poetry or fine writing. Claude Melnotte's picture of his imaginary palace can always be relied upon for a round of applause. And as a rule, Shakespeare's set speeches are listened to with pleased attention. If actresses killed the poetic drama in England, why did they not prevent its rise in France and Germany? One does not place the drama of Corneille and Racine, or that of Hugo and Musset, or that of Goethe and Schiller, on an equality with the Elizabethan theatre, but they are each and all of them great enough, and poetic enough, to make Mr. Raleigh's theory untenable.

AN OCTOGENARIAN PHILANTHROPIST AND EDITOR whom thousands delighted to honor, in remembrance at least, on the recent occasion of his eighty-fifth birthday, is the venerable and still energetic George T. Angell, animal-lover and founder of "the society with the long name," prime mover in countless other good works, and editor of the ever anecdotic and entertaining as well as beneficent "Our Dumb Animals." Mr. Angell says he wants half a million dollars yearly to carry on his work, which demands fifty thousand dollars a year for printing alone. He is a wonderfully successful money-raiser, having raised all the funds for the conduct of his vast operations as head of his Society; and it is to be hoped, with considerable confidence, that he will in some way and without overtaxing his strength secure the half-million he needs. It is pleasant to note, in this age of monopolistic greed, that Mr. Angell actually takes delight in seeing four other cruelty-preventing societies flourishing side by side with his own—all in the interests of dumb animals. By the way, our designation of this veteran benefactor as a philanthropist was not the aptest possible; rather is he, first and foremost, a *philozoist*, if we may coin the word. Or has some one been before us in its use?

BIBLIOKLEPTS AND BOOK-MARKERS are a public nuisance; at least, the public-library patron must so regard them. Word comes from the Somerville Public Library, admirably and liberally conducted by Mr. Sam Walter Foss, of recent serious losses through abuse of open-shelf privileges. A citizen has been arrested, tried, and imprisoned, for systematic biblioklepsis; but still the pilfering continues. And not only lighter literature but serious works also are thus misappropriated. Even theological treatises are walked off with—under clerical vestments, we may surmise. By none is the irritating practice of marking, underscoring, commenting, and interlining more persistently and outrageously indulged in than by the readers of theological and philosophical works. We chanced some time ago to borrow from a public library Martineau's "Study of Religion," and found that some heavy fist, armed with a very black lead pencil, had been through the two volumes, from beginning to end, putting almost every page into deep mourning. The wonder is that the miscreant had not been caught, black-handed, when he returned the book. In every library there should be stationed one or more lynx-eyed agents of the (desiderated) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books.

A GRATUITOUS BLUNDER IN HISTORY was that committed by the orator of the day at the laying of the corner-stone of the Provincetown monument to the Pilgrim Fathers. Surely President Roosevelt is aware of the distinction, long insisted upon by historians of New England, between Pilgrims and Puritans. Why, then, did he make the historical part of his speech fairly bristle with the words Puritan and Puritanism, and never once name the

Pilgrims? The founders of Plymouth had naught of the Puritan's religious bigotry and fanaticism, and Mayflower descendants are quick to resent any such imputation. The compact drawn up in Provincetown harbor, in the cabin of the little vessel that had survived the buffettings of the stormy Atlantic, was conceived in no spirit of Puritanical strictness; it has been commended for its liberalism. It is significant that the speakers who followed the chief orator were scrupulously correct in avoiding the word Puritan and in paying due tribute to the virtues of the Pilgrim fathers and mothers, many of whose descendants were in the audience. Senator Lodge, as if to rectify the error of the leading orator (who had gone so far as to call his hearers "you, sons of the Puritans," and to style the town that was extending to him its hospitality, "this shrine of Puritanism"), took pains to say that "the beginnings of the great Puritan colony were at Cape Ann and Salem and Boston." The "scholar in politics" undeniably has his uses, and one of these was well and gracefully served by the senior senator from Massachusetts in his scholarly address at Provincetown. . . .

A THEODORE PARKER CENTENARY is already assuming shape in the city of his renown—three years ahead of time. It is little more than half a century since an exchange with Parker meant public censure, if not dismissal from his pulpit, to the daring exchanger. James Freeman Clarke was the only one who could (*potuit quia posse visus est*) thus indulge in an interchange of professional courtesies with impunity. But, as the trite saying puts it, the radicalism of yesterday becomes the conservatism of to-morrow; and although a centenary edition of Parker's voluminous writings is offered as something of an attraction to Boston book-buyers—the first three volumes to be ready the middle of this month—their tone will have long since ceased to startle even the sedatest of readers. Yet it will be a convenience to have a complete and uniform edition of the encyclopedic Parker's wide-ranging works. The edition (who would dare predict how many volumes it will grow to?) is to be completed in 1909, a year before the bells are set ringing to usher in the hundredth anniversary of the author's birth.

A GERMAN LECTURER ON ART. Dr. Paul Clemen, professor at the University of Bonn, and also Conservator of Art for the Rhine Provinces, has been appointed by the ministry of instruction to lecture in this country from September, 1907, to February, 1908, under the system of international exchange of German and American professors. Although Professor Clemen's specialty is Merovingian and Carlovingian art, it is to be hoped that he will have a word to say on the art of modern Germany, about which we are none too well informed—as we are reminded by another distinguished Teuton, Professor Francke.

The New Books.

BURTON THE UNAPPRECIATED.*

The "real" Washington or Cromwell or Franklin which it has become the literary fashion to offer with so solemn an air of at last serving up the genuine man as he walked and talked, and as his contemporaries saw him, is of course nothing but the writer's conception or ideal of the character he has chosen to paint, labelling his picture "The Real Agamemnon," much as the schoolboy writes under the rude drawing on his slate, "This is a horse." Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge's "Real Sir Richard Burton" is actually a panegyric rather than a biography, and appears to owe its origin to the writer's dissatisfaction with Mr. Thomas Wright's much more detailed and more "real" presentation of the same interesting man. But the later and smaller work will serve its uses as a handy epitome of the chief events in Burton's life, and as a glowing tribute will help to keep fresh the laurels on the dead hero's brow. To original research or critical acumen it can make little claim, nor does the author appear to have had any personal acquaintance with the subject of his sketch.

As Mr. Dodge chooses to dwell so insistently on the injuries his hero has received from the world in general and from Mr. Wright in particular, it may be worth while to examine a few of these charges of crying injustice. He says of the offending biography that it "is more of a Criticism than a Biography, and is a note book, practically devoted to a discursive and abortive effort to prove that Burton did not rank as a translator with John Payne." Wright also absurdly states that Burton borrowed much of the material in his 'Arabian Nights' from Payne." And further: "The charge made by Wright in his so-called Life of Burton, that the Haji plagiarised from Payne . . . is ridiculous." Why all this heat? The glory of the home-keeping, dictionary-thumbing translator is one, and the glory of the restlessly wandering student of men and manners, and the marvellously versatile speaker of many tongues, is another. Not even Mr. Dodge would like to think of the Chevalier Burton as biting his nails to the quick in a futile endeavor to hit on the exact English equivalent of an Arabic term, nor should he begrudge the scholarly Payne his well-earned distinction as a skilful interpreter of alien lan-

guages. To make light of Mr. Wright's "deadly parallels," whereby the later translator's appropriations from his predecessor's version are made glaringly apparent, is no satisfactory explanation of these curious instances of verbal identity—an identity that must be regarded as something more than "a necessary resemblance in Englishing the text." Phrases and sentences alike in both versions occur too often to be ascribed to chance; and identical passages of considerable length are not wanting, one of them reaching to the length of forty-four words. The assertion, too, that Burton's translation has "replaced all other versions of the 'Nights'" is a bold one to make so soon after the publication of a new edition of Lane's still popular selection.

Again, concerning Burton's long poem, "The Kasidah," Mr. Dodge says: "It seems to have enraged the latest of Burton's biographers, Wright, who devotes more than a couple of pages in his second volume (pp. 20-22) to abusing it." To an unprejudiced reader there is neither rage nor abuse apparent in the pages referred to; and near the close, after citing two couplets that "flash with auroral splendour," Mr. Wright so far subdues his alleged wrath as to remark that "neglecting the four really brilliant lines, the principal attraction of *The Kasidah* is its redolence of the saffron, immeasurable desert. We snuff at every turn its invigorating air; and the tinkle of the camel's bell is its sole and perpetual music."

That Burton's contemporaries often failed to recognize his genius, and that his country refused him the honors and the offices that were heaped upon lesser men, is not to be disputed. An excess of the *fortiter in re* and too little of the *suaviter in modo*, in Burton's character and bearing, are accountable for this injustice. It is now so freely admitted that he was a bigger man than the jealously cautious Foreign Office was willing to allow, that there is no occasion to make extravagant claims in his behalf. To declare him "the pioneer of African exploration," for example, does violence to history. Livingstone (to name no others) had already discovered Lake Ngami and crossed South Africa from Zambesi to Loando some years before Burton started to explore the Dark Continent in quest of the sources of the Nile. Coming to the question of his hero's purity of morals, the eulogist gravely declares that "Burton throughout his life was a moral man. Whether his morality was mental or temperamental matters little. The fact remains." Without puzzling over the exact distinction

*THE REAL SIR RICHARD BURTON. By Walter Phelps Dodge. With frontispiece. New York: A. Wessels Co.

between mental and temperamental morality, it is pleasant to believe that the author of "The Scented Garden" was chaste in thought and word and deed; and perhaps we are as free to hold this belief as to maintain with Mr. Wright that in his early East Indian days, "like the rest Burton had his Bubu." But what grounds for confidence in so private a matter does either writer possess?

Enough about the book; now let us have a taste of its style as illustrated by a few typical passages. Of Burton at Damascus we read:

"No British Consul in a great Oriental town ever had half the power or influence wielded by Richard Burton, and had the Foreign Office appreciated the benefit to British prestige gained by his exertions the whole history of British policy in the near East could have been different; England might have had an ambassador at Constantinople who would have had the ear not only of the Commander of the Faithful, but that of the Shaykh-ul-Islam as well. With one class in Damascus Burton was at once on bad terms. He would have nothing to do with the Jewish money-lenders who flourished there under British protection, and declined to allow his Consulate to be used as a debt-collecting agency. The Hebrew usurers resented this, as they had found earlier consuls more pliable, and at once began to plot for his recall. Indeed, this was the foundation of that unholy alliance between the Shylocks of Damascus and the pitiful British missionary cabal at Beyrouth, the alliance that ultimately resulted in the recall of the most brilliant and successful consul Great Britain had ever had in the Orient."

Soon after this came the appointment to the consulship at Trieste, in succession to Charles Lever, who had just died at his post, as did Burton eighteen years later.

"To offer a man with the fame of Burton a small dull Consulate like Trieste after his great services was no less than an insult; but Burton showed his pluck by accepting it without complaint, hoping that it might prove a stepping-stone to the Eastern Embassy he longed for but never obtained. Had Burton been an American he would have had the English mission, or later would have been Governor-General of the Philippines. Being an Englishman, he took what he could get and was as thankful as his sardonic humour would allow. The greatest Orientalist of his age became Consul at Trieste, where Lingua Franca and bastard German were the tongues understood of the people!"

At least one thing, then, this undervalued genius had reason to be thankful for — only he didn't know it. Not being an American, and not living into the present century, he was spared the dreary task of trying to impose an Anglo-Saxon government upon a Polynesian people.

The unconscious humor of Mr. Dodge's closing page tempts to further (and final) quotation.

"No one who reads all the so-called 'Lives' [of Burton] can help a feeling of distressed wonder at these squabbles in print over unimportant points of

detail. Burton — who thought Imperially — would have brushed them aside with a reference to the gossip of the servants' hall. It takes a great man to write the life of a great man, and there are few such 'Lives'! In spite of the differing accounts of his career, now over-flattering, now venomously friendly, he will be judged fairly by posterity — this most fascinating ancient among the moderns."

Like his hero, Mr. Dodge indulges in occasional odd or archaic terms, as for instance, — coolth, travestation, knowledged, and mote (past tense of might). He also sanctions by his use the time-honored misquotation, "fresh fields and pastures new," and he or his printer gives us the strange word "encyclopaëdic." The only portrait offered of the "real" Sir Richard is a curious and not easily recognizable cartoon from "Vanity Fair." However, it may represent the genuine Burton whom we have never before encountered. PERCY F. BICKNELL.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE PURITAN REVOLUTION IN DIALOGUE.*

The volume entitled "From King to King," by Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, is made up of a series of dialogues assigned to various significant moments from 1632 to 1662, from the imprisonment of "lion" Eliot to the execution of Sir Henry Vane. On the purpose in our author's mind, the preface throws this light:

"The pages that follow contain an attempt to state, in a concrete form, certain universal aspects of a particular period of history. The tragedy lies in the conflict of reforming energy with actual men and institutions; and it has been the object of the author to delineate vividly the characters of leading actors in the struggle, their ideals, and the distortion of these as reflected in the current of events. . . . The dramatic form was deliberately chosen because that of an essay appeared insufficient."

In other words, the dramatic dialogue was to be tried as a form of essay; and we need hardly say that such an experiment in the hands of Mr. Dickinson could not fail to be worth a fairly careful examination.

Perhaps, then, one's first clear conclusion is that our author has chosen a most suitable historical epoch for his purpose. The future of responsible government and of the individual conscience was upon the razor-edge of Fate; complicated and important issues were met by divergent and interesting personalities; and within such a period it is not hard to select dramatic moments or impressive characters. If we turn to the second dialogue, we find Laud

* *FROM KING TO KING.* By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

and Chillingworth as the principal interlocutors, and the date as June 30, 1637. First we have an attendant's vivid account of the moving scenes at the pillorying of Bastwick, Burton, and Prynne; and we recall that Mr. Trevelyan, in his readable presentation of "England under the Stuarts," is inclined to take this ill-timed punishment as the beginning of the revolution. Then follows an interchange of thoughts between Laud, the thoroughgoing formalist and prelate, and Chillingworth, the academic moderate, who looks upon the world from a student's window. In five pages both men are put before us in their essential features; but naturally Laud is the more prominent. Here is a type — the man who believed with all his vital powers that the life of religion depended upon its forms, and saw in the church, as Professor Gardiner suggests, not a temple of the spirit but the palace of a king.

"Men are governed by custom rather than conviction. . . . He who is accustomed to bow his knees will the sooner learn to humble his heart. . . . As there is one truth, so should there be one observance. . . . Maintaining the authority of the church, we maintain the bond of all society. . . . If we fail (which God forbid!) the state fails with us. The Monarchy stands or falls with the Church, England with the Monarchy."

And so, with Strafford, he drove along the fateful way.

A review of the remaining dialogues would show no less felicity of choice. For instance, the captions of the ninth and tenth chapters are: "The King and his Groom of the Chamber, Thomas Herbert, at Newport," and "John Lilburne before the Council." The tenth, "Strafford and his former tutor, Greenwood, in the Tower," recalls Browning's drama, perhaps more happy in subject than successful in execution. But Mr. Dickinson has been too wise to limit himself to major personages; and in "The Camp of the Parliamentary Troops at Naseby" he has given us some suggestive minor characters. Here, along with other types, we have the formal Presbyterian minister quoting Scripture interminably for a purpose, in sharp contrast with the sturdy soldier who has fought and felt too much to speak by the book. "We will set up our congregation in the fields, and our liturgy shall be the promptings of the heart" has the ring of such hearts as we like to think of in the "New Model" army.

In the second part of the same dialogue we have an opportunity to observe how our author can weave description into his general plan. In many ways, Falkland is the most interesting character in the whole period, — "one whose purpose by two much thought was vexed but not

perverted," who knew that the tumultuous tide of Fate may drive the little bark of man over strange seas to strange shores or may overwhelm it in the deep. It is with all conscientiousness that "the impeacher of Finch, the shaker of Strafford, the putter to shame of bishops" becomes the faithful minister of a faithless king. And it is thus we leave him at the end of the sixth dialogue. Then in the above mentioned section we have the following:

"First Officer. — 'I know him; he was a wise man.'

"Second Officer. — 'On the wrong side.'

"First Officer. — 'If so, he had at least the grace to be unhappy there. They tell me that as the war proceeded he lost his wonted cheerfulness, neglected his dress, grew careless of food or drink, spoke not at all, or only with a sharp intemperance; and, starting at times from melancholy reverie, would frequently ingeminate the burden "Peace! Peace!" In battle, as he was careless of danger, so he cared not to kill, but rather to succor the wounded, till at last, as one who was weary of life, he deliberately laid it aside in the thickest of the fire at Newbury.'

With the help of this passage we see clearly the man whom even Clarendon had the grace to love; and it is perhaps no accident that our author borrows a line from that flagrant partisan's remarkable history.

Thus far our quotations have happened only upon prose; but in nine of the thirteen dialogues blank verse is freely employed, in most cases with success. Mr. Dickinson must have studied this phase of seventeenth-century literature very profitably; for he has succeeded in putting appropriate verse on the lips of his different characters. Indeed, there is as much difference in the metrical speeches assigned to Milton and Cromwell as in their prose utterances. To show how happily our author has caught the Miltonic breath, we may be allowed to make a brief quotation.

"To such [the heavenly choir] attune, though weak, my mortal voice

That, while this island nation, born anew,
A golden eagle, beats her dauntless wings,
Undazzled, full against the blaze of noon,
I, with not too presumptuous aim, may sing
Her praises right, nor, honoring her, forget
To celebrate, as due, Thee, sole Supreme,
Thee first, Thee last, and Thee eternally."

An examination of the whole passage would show more instances of the hypermetric syllable than we should find in a similar number of Milton's lines; but the imitation is still a rather remarkable performance. Space forbids, or we could adduce not a few other passages of real merit and attractiveness. We knew that Mr. Dickinson was a master of prose; apparently he might have written admirable verse.

However, all criticism of the work must return to the question of the success of the dramatic dialogue as an essay form. Some kindly critics have already spoken of the production as "closet drama"; but surely this loses the point of view. Mr. Dickinson is primarily an essayist; and the present volume is simply a variant in form. On the whole, one finds himself inclined to decide that the experiment is successful; for the dialogue has enabled our author to realize his hope of effectively setting forth the clash of the individual with a movement. At times we wonder whether Mr. Dickinson has secured the unity which he aimed at; but he himself saw that he was writing for readers having a general acquaintance with the period, and for such readers there would be no urgent need of the intimate bond of plot demanded by the drama. That he could not have accomplished so much by the same number of pages in any other essay form, we are inclined to believe; so that from the critic's point of view the dramatic dialogue is justified.

And yet there is a little reserve about one's commendation of the book as a whole. In the first place, it can appeal only to a much narrower circle than most of Mr. Dickinson's other productions, and he is too able a writer to be excused for addressing himself to an audience in any way circumscribed. In the second place, there are occasional suggestions of the cold literary exercise. "We talk like rhetoricians," cries Cromwell, in bitterness, to Vane; and there is a dangerous tang of truth in his words. Perhaps it is the influence of Mr. Dickinson's foreseen audience, perhaps it is an academic preoccupation with his art; but occasionally his production borders on the faultily faultless. Let us glance at one excerpt:

"Milton.—'O sir, the title were an honor indeed. The poet is he who understands the world in its essence and origin, Love. The beauty he perceives and celebrates is the final expression of truth; and that which action and philosophy forever seek, he in a moment arrests and fixes in enduring lineaments. His life passes out of himself into the larger life of the whole, whereby he is turned insensibly to virtue, following from the necessity of his nature the maxima the moralist enjoins. His aim and achievement is immortality, so that even while yet in the bonds of the flesh, he is rapt at whiles into the heavens of heavens, catching sound of those eternal harmonies, whose echoes alone inform his vital and inevitable numbers.'"

It is absolutely flawless; but it is not in the personal and living style of "A Modern Symposium" or the "Letters from a Chinese Official."

The preface of this work tells us that the

first edition appeared in 1891, and one immediately concludes that Mr. Dickinson's subsequent success was not at all strange, if he could write so well sixteen years ago. However, a personal note from the publishers states that the dialogues have been "largely edited and in some places re-written." In any event, it is safe to say that to most American readers, as to the present writer, "From King to King" is entirely new; and that in this country it will be thought of as belonging to the author's later works. The volume will be a source of genuine pleasure to Mr. Dickinson's old admirers, as well as to a few new readers who are interested in the Puritan revolution; it will not materially widen his circle, nor does it represent his highest possibilities as a factor in the molding of contemporary thought. F. B. R. HELLEMS.

ENGLAND'S COLONIAL CAMPAIGNS IN AMERICA.*

William Pitt, the elder, was Secretary of State in England from 1757 to 1761—four years memorable in the history of the English people. They laid the foundations for the British empire in India, decided the long contest for supremacy between the British and French nations in America, and drove the French from the Mississippi Valley. They embrace the victories of Louisburg, Ft. Duquesne, and Quebec. The participation of the American colonial militia in these campaigns taught them the higher arts of war and inspired in them the confidence that enabled them, nearly a score of years later, to face the British regulars on the slope of Breed's Hill. The large drafts for men and supplies during these wars persuaded the colonies that they had contributed more than their just share for the defense of the realm, and this feeling was largely responsible for the resistance to the stamp-tax at a later time.

In the conduct of the American campaigns, the colonial and military governors acted as representatives of the crown, and were in constant correspondence with Pitt as Secretary of State. The letters comprising their correspondence bear on many parts of American history; and for this reason the National Society of Colonial Dames of America has rendered a useful service in making possible the publication of copies of the letters, edited by Miss Gertrude

* CORRESPONDENCE OF WILLIAM PITT WITH THE COLONIAL GOVERNORS IN AMERICA. Edited by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Selwyn Kimball, already favorably known as editor of the correspondence of the Colonial Governors of Rhode Island. The originals of the letters written to Pitt are preserved in the Public Record Office in London, and those written by him are preserved in a clerk's hand, in a duplicate dispatch book. Of the 507 letters covering the period, 114 were rejected by the editor as unimportant, leaving 493 printed in the present volume. Of this large number of letters, only 68 have heretofore appeared in print,—a statement which at once shows the value of these volumes to the student. Pitt wrote 170 of the letters, and the remaining ones were written to him. The letters are preceded by an excellent historical sketch by the editor, touching on the chief events with which the correspondence is concerned. In copying the letters the spelling and punctuation have been followed, giving them an added air of authenticity.

Upon nearly every page of these volumes the reader gets a glimpse of the difficulties of conducting military campaigns in the New World. The constant bickering between the Governor and the Assemblies in the several colonies over the voting of supplies to the home government, the reluctance of the Quakers to assist in the war, and similar sources of friction, are everywhere revealed. The Governors complain of the "refractoriness" of the Assemblies, and of the Friends who write to the Indians begging them to remain neutral, while the British wish to use them against the French. Wealthy colonists who enlisted their indentured servants were keen in demands for their bounty and pay. Military expeditions were obliged to establish depots of supplies forty miles apart along their line of march, because the country was uninhabited. The Indians were "like sheep,—where one leaps all the rest follow." Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia apologizes for sending Indians on a scalping foray against the French, declaring it "a barbarous method of conducting war, introduced by the French, which we are obliged to follow in our own defense."

Evidence of the discrimination constantly practised between the British regulars and the colonial militia are not difficult to find. A commandant advises that Fort Cumberland, on the Potomac, be garrisoned by militia rather than by regulars, because the fort could not withstand an attack, and its capture when guarded by provincials would be "less an affair of Eclat" than if garrisoned by the King's troops. Instances are found of the difficulty the Governors experienced in trying to deter

settlers from advancing beyond the safety-line on the frontiers; and there are interesting glimpses of the Acadians, and of their dispersal. Franklin's name appears as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia, and General Israel Putnam plays an important part; but one looks in vain for the name of Washington, although he was actively connected with the taking of Fort DuQuesne.

Teachers and students of early American history owe to the patriotic society of women, and to Miss Kimball, their thanks for making available these interesting records, and for pointing a way which other patriotic organizations may profitably follow.

EDWIN ERLE SPARKS.

CHOICE FACTS CHOICELY EMBELLISHED.*

It seems little short of rudeness, in the face of such sumptuous volumes as these on Canada, Cambridge, the Thames, and Paris, to recall the old lady who entitled her commonplace book "Choice Facts." But after reading the texts one cannot help recognizing the appropriateness of her title as a criticism. Why cannot people who write about places remember that in themselves places are not very interesting to read about, and that art must supply what the intrinsic nature of the subject lacks? A place used as a background has the perspective of human interests, but a place brought into its own foreground and made the whole subject of the picture has the flat appearance of a child's drawing, with one feature following another in purely surface succession unless through some principle of relation the artist focuses and embosses. It is the lack of such a principle that leaves these four handsome books mere collocations of facts, more or less "choice" according to the selective power of the writers. One feels the absence of artistic unity in the text all the more because of the beauty of the book-making. Paper, print, binding, and illustrations are as perfect as may be. Indeed the pictures, which are colored reproductions of paintings, are so numerous and beautiful that to certain minds they will constitute the chief merit of the books.

* CANADA. Painted by T. Mower Martin. Described by Wilfred Campbell. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE HISTORIC THAMES. By Hilaire Belloc. With illustrations in color by A. R. Quinton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

CAMBRIDGE. By M. A. R. Tuker. Illustrated in color by W. Matthiessen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

PARIS. Painted by Mortimer Menpes. Text by Dorothy Menpes. New edition. New York: The Macmillan Co.

and cause the text to be looked upon as mere padding.

In compiling his work on Canada Mr. Wilfred Campbell must have had occasion to echo Mr. Crothers's complaint that "the trouble with facts is there are so many of them." He deserves especial praise for selecting well from such a mass of material. The value of his book to the ordinary reader is that it brings together various kinds of information which without it would have to be gathered from many sources. There is a little history, a little biography, a few statements of political and economic problems, woven together with considerable description and numerous quotations of poetry. Mr. Campbell's original work is mostly in the descriptions, many of which are very good. It is scarcely fair to quote detached sentences, but the spirit of the descriptive passages is well illustrated by these extracts from some pages on the forests:

"The beech-wood is purely Greek in all of its spirit and characteristics. There is something about the beech-tree itself, in all its form and character, which suggests statuary—the pure smoothness and perfection of trunk and limb; the firmness of the leaf, with its copper-brown in autumn, which suggests beauty in form, and delicacy of color and finish in outline. It suggests culture, outward beauty, simplicity, and finality. . . . How different it is from the beech-wood in the shade of the mighty elm, the maple and the bass-wood! Here the sense felt is purely Gothic. The sense of beauty, form, and finality is lost in reverence, sublimity, vastness, and infinity. . . . Far different from the others is the identity of the pine-forest. As the beech-wood is Greek in its suggestion, and the maple and elm-wood Gothic, so the pine-wood is in its whole character distinctly Celtic. Everything here suggests withdrawal and seclusion, that almost childish pride in self which is so true of the Celt. There is that shadowed gloom which seems to hold an imagination peculiarly its own. And the sunlight which reaches these deeps seems to stab with a passion that only the true Celt can feel."

There is some clear exposition of government problems—that of amalgamating the French Canadian, "whose ideals, race-traditions, and loyalty to all that is French must be left alone," and that of importing cheap labor to British Columbia, where the United States labor boss continues to step in. The tone of enthusiastic loyalty which pervades the book will command it to more than a Canadian audience. But its first claim to popularity rests on Mr. Martin's beautiful "pictures," some eighty in all.

Mr. Belloc attempts a task almost equally difficult in the history of the Thames. His plan is to give a scientific account of the effect which the conformation of the banks and the location of fords has had upon the growth of towns and

the movements of armies, then to give an account of a few important places—Oxford, Windsor, London Bridge, and the Tower,—and then to trace the economic development of the valley which was brought about by the founding of the great monasteries. He has interesting things to say on these subjects, but in spite of evident efforts to the contrary he becomes involved in the tangle of the Thames's history with that of England, and ends in a tedious recital of the destruction of the monasteries, which has little to do with his subject. As a result his writing is likely to be looked upon only as a pretext for the pictures. These in themselves are an entertainment, though one tires somewhat of the over-refined and sometimes affected coloring.

Mr. Tuker's book on Cambridge is by far the most seriously important of the group, and will at once be recognized by students as a valuable work. But from the standpoint of the reader who likes to exercise his "pleased attention" it is a disappointment, because the title rouses anticipations of enjoyment which are not fulfilled. Is it only the summer mania for being entertained that makes one long to see the *genius loci* of so unique and significant a place evoked as a real presence? It would take a wizard touch, certainly, to bring forth so complex a spirit, but the truly trusting mind thinks that the thing might have been done. Instead, we have two hundred pages—more than half the book—of facts, facts, facts, about the founding of colleges and the conferring of degrees, with only a breath of suspicion now and then that a genius of any sort lurks behind them. Yet that Mr. Tuker feels the presence of a "spirit of the institution" is occasionally made evident by such a paragraph as this:

"Cambridge has always suggested a certain detachment; neither zeal—perfervid or sour—nor the pressure of tradition upon living thought has had its proper home there. It has not represented monastic seclusion nor hieratic exclusion, and it did so at this moment of its history [Chaucer's time] less than ever. The dawn of the coming renaissance shone upon the walls at which we have been looking. The modern world has been born of the birth-pangs which have since convulsed Europe, and the walls which were then big with the future are now big with the past. But it is the greatness of Cambridge that amidst the multiple suggestiveness of its ancient halls of learning, tyranny of the past has no place. About it the dawn of the renaissance still lingers; and the early morning light which presided at its birth still defies the shadows and seems to temper the noon-day heat, as light and shade alternate in its history."

What delightful reading would have resulted

if Mr. Tuker had chosen to do for Cambridge what Mr. Shaff has just done for the Spirit of Old West Point! Still, one cannot quarrel with an author's purpose, and if Mr. Tuker chose to write a reference book instead of evoking a spirit, perhaps there is nothing to say except that he has performed his task well. Only, in giving up the contention, the critic may perhaps ask why the chapters on the "regular" colleges could not have been made as interesting as the closing chapter on Newnham and Girton, and why some of the men could not have been presented as clearly and memorably as is Miss Clough.

The book on Paris by Mr. Menpes — or perhaps we should say by Miss Menpes, since the father attributes the text to her — is much smaller and less elaborate than the others, but much nearer the ideal in interest. The pictures, too, are even more successful than in the other books, because of greater depth of color and originality of treatment. There is no attempt at history, but only the purpose to present the city of to-day. The method is fragmentary, the style discursive. Chapters on the fascination of the city, the joy of life, children's pleasures, art and artists, are interspersed with descriptions of boulevards, *cafés*, and suburbs with no attempt at correlation. Yet there is the vividness of actual impression, the realization of activity, color, gaiety. One can see the Rue St. Honoré on a summer morning, where perfectly dressed women, followed by pet terriers in "costumes" of the same color as their mistresses', enter shops to inspect hats of a "daintiness, crispness, and innocent freshness peculiar to the boulevards"; where the men walk in groups chatting and laughing, not morose and intent as in other cities; where the horses of rich or titled ladies stand for hours waiting before a great dress-making house, and only the actress' carriage is received and dismissed promptly; where perhaps a procession of the *blanchisenses* goes by, "each laundry sending its chariot, with its queen and her court"; or possibly "a little *cortège*, sad-colored in the midst of so much gaiety, passes," and every hat is taken off, "as if a magic impulse had passed over Paris, leaving every head bare." The scene is infinitely varied, but always fascinating, and always full of beauty, for to the Parisian "beauty is not a luxury, but a necessity." It is a great accomplishment to have caught as much of it all within the pages of one book as the Menpes have done. Yet there is no denying the truth of the statement with

which they begin the book, that "the picture has still to be painted, the poem has still to be written, that will present Paris, as a whole, in her versatile attractiveness."

MAY ESTELLE COOK.

PROBLEMS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.*

In the view of Professor Reinsch, as set forth in his recent work on "American Legislatures and Legislative Methods," the present era bids fair to rival in historical importance even the years during which the Constitution was formulated and set in motion, as the relations now calling for adjustment are deeper of reach than the matters of institutional form settled by the Fathers.

"For the present age deals with the coördination of our established political system, democratic in form, with the powerful economic and social forces which the recent past has brought forth and which are oligarchic in their tendency. We are living in an age in which new social categories are being established. It is no longer the form, but the substance, of political and social life that is being affected, through the creation of new groupings of power, and through a new correlation of influences acting directly upon social and economic life."

Accordingly, Professor Reinsch goes more deeply into the actual workings of Congress and the State Legislatures than is usual in works on political science. An introductory chapter by Professor Bernard C. Steiner deals with the constitutional law affecting Congress; but in the remainder of the volume constitutional forms are referred to only as the basis upon which rest the actual processes of legislation. Here a large collection of facts, gathered from a great variety of sources, are arranged and interpreted with a philosophical breadth of view that brings out their underlying significance. In discussing the influence of the President upon legislation, Professor Reinsch passes over as a superficial half-truth the view that it depends upon the personal element, and says:

"The history of institutions shows that there is a deeper current than mere personal influence or legal arrangement which determines the rise and fall of the power of the various organs of government. . . . In

* AMERICAN LEGISLATURES AND LEGISLATIVE METHODS. By Paul S. Reinsch. (The American State Series). New York: The Century Co.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A MONOPOLIST. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D. Chicago: The Public Publishing Co.

THE TARIFF AND THE TRUSTS. By Franklin Pierce. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY. By Charles Fletcher Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

AMERICAN PROBLEMS. Essays and Addresses. By James H. Baker, LL.D. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

proportion as an institution or magistracy succeeds in making itself the index and exponent of the most pervading economic and social forces within the national life, its influence rises or falls."

Of the Senate he says :

" Any measure which in the remotest manner trenches upon the interests of concentrated wealth, which in the least impedes the activities of great corporations, has a hard road to travel in the Senate. No matter how insistent may be the popular demand, no matter what expert consensus may call for such legislation, it will be ignored or endlessly delayed by the Senate, and if allowed to pass, will ordinarily be equipped with a few unobtrusive amendments, which, however, are often efficacious to defeat its main purpose. Should this tendency prevail, should the Senate allow itself to become chiefly a vetoing agency, the result will be equal to a national calamity. It is a revolutionary act to oppose healthy growth, to shut off active currents of development; and the Senate, which by its high position is called upon to mediate between classes and between interests, is in need of a broader philosophy, of more liberal temper, than many of its recent actions indicate. Through constantly favoring certain interests, it would sharpen existing antagonisms, and might ultimately threaten the bursting of constitutional restraints and the attempted creation of new, and more popular authorities. Moreover, the Senate ought, from its own point of view, to consider that no political body can retain permanent influence and power through a purely negative policy."

Rather more than half the book is devoted to the State Legislatures. There is a depressing chapter on "The Perversion of Legislative Action" which goes to the root of things in explaining the political activity of special interests ; but the author's conclusions are, after all, hopeful. " A little more wakefulness, a little more attention to the detailed workings of government, a more careful scrutinizing of the personalities to be endowed with public power," he says, " may yield returns and restore to usefulness and public confidence the institutions now so generally decried." Something has already been accomplished toward improving the legislative product by the appointment of commissions on uniform statute laws, and in a few States of committees of revision, or, better, of legislative counsel and draftsmen, or legislative reference librarians who are more than librarians.

The intimate relations between party bosses and those dependent upon them for favors is even more vividly set forth by Mr. Frederic C. Howe in "The Confessions of a Monopolist." These are imaginary confessions, it is true, but are penned so evidently with a purpose as to leave no doubt that the author intended them to picture typical conditions in the actual world of to-day. The narrative follows the fortunes of a successful business man, from the time he

obtained an exclusive privilege to sell papers in his town as a boy, through the period of franchise-grabbing, to the exalted positions of State Boss and United States Senator. It is not pleasant reading — it is too true to life, though possibly somewhat exaggerated or unnaturally concentrated either for artistic effect or for the sake of argument. One instinctively wonders why Mr. Howe chose fiction as the vehicle for his message on the evils of special privilege and monopoly. It is not because fiction is his natural element, for he is much more a master of straightforward argument and of the simple statement of facts. Perhaps he sought the widest possible audience for this exposition of his convictions ; or can it be that he was not sure enough of his ground to state as a general condition what he has imagined as possibly an extreme case ? At any rate, he is more at home in the final chapter, where he sets forth the "rules of the game," than in the thick of the story. " It's not thrift, prudence, or the saving of gas-bills, that makes the millionaire "; the rules of the game are stated thus :

" First, let Society work for you; and, second, make a business of politics. Upon an understanding of these rules the great fortunes of America have almost all been reared."

In a volume entitled "The Tariff and the Trusts," Mr. Franklin Pierce, of the New York bar, presents a formidable array of arguments, quotations, and facts, to prove that the protective tariff is the mother of monopoly. The argument is very one-sided, but is so well put together that the stand-patters cannot well afford to neglect it. There are chapters addressed respectively to the manufacturers, laborers, and farmers, sketches of American tariff history and of the free-trade movement in England, a chapter on the tariff in Germany, and one on "protective tariffs and public virtue" in which the author charges the tariff with corrupting Congressmen. The specific instances of corruption he cites are not exactly to the point ; but what he says about Senators and Representatives voting on tariff bills in which they are personally interested may tend to make the reader feel the hopelessness of a scientific tariff. One of the strongest chapters in the book is that on "American and English Shipping," in which the decadence of American shipping is attributed to the denial of American registry to ships built abroad, and to the increased cost of ships and restriction of commerce due to the protective tariff. The moral intended to be drawn from this chapter, of course, is that a subsidy is not

the proper remedy for this state of affairs. A convenient list of the more important "trusts" is given in Chapter II.

A lecture by Mr. Charles Fletcher Dole on "The Spirit of Democracy," delivered three years ago before the Twentieth Century Club of Boston, has grown in the meantime into a book of the same title, which has been published chapter by chapter in the "Springfield Republican." Beginning with some well-written though well-worn platitudes about "the teaching of history" and democratic ideals, the author sets forth his views of what democracy ought to achieve, in a series of chapters on such miscellaneous practical problems as the suffrage, treatment of crime, pauperism, democracy and the executive, the party system, the rule of the cities, war, imperialism, the Monroe doctrine, taxation, immigration, labor unions, socialism, anarchy, religion, education, and the family. Of course, the treatment of so many subjects in one small volume must necessarily be superficial and unsatisfactory. The author shows his open-mindedness and independence by indorsing popular and unpopular reforms alike, and hence every type of reformer may find in this volume some crumbs of comfort. These, perhaps, are the readers to whom the book will chiefly make its appeal; no hard-headed conservative or skeptic will be convinced by it, for it fails to answer their objections, and they may even be inclined to think the author something of a faddist. Yet it will not satisfy reformers of the "crank" type, either; for it recognizes no panacea, is always optimistic in tone, stops short of extremes, and lays the emphasis after all on the spirit underlying outward forms. Mr. Dole would abolish political parties if he could, but he believes that the thing most necessary to make democracy a successful experiment is what he calls "good-will," by which he seems to mean an enlightened altruism magical enough to overcome the selfishness and social indifference of faulty human nature, and so make good citizens of the ruling majority.

According to President Baker, of the University of Colorado, the essential problems of America are not commercial, political, military, or territorial, but are ethical, sociological, and educational. Consistently with this point of view, his book on "American Problems" is divided into three parts, entitled "Ideals," "Sociological Problems," and "Education"; yet the ideals and problems discussed are in part political. Since the volume is made up of addresses and essays, the reader must not look

for unity in theme or in treatment. Suffice it to say that the author firmly believes that the world is growing better on the whole, and sets forth his belief in an interesting if not strikingly original manner. This optimistic attitude of President Baker, Professor Reinsch, and Mr. Dole, notwithstanding the difficulties they fully recognize, together with the problems of imperialism discussed by the latter, recalls Mr. Dooley's hopeful dictum: "They's wan consolation, an' that is, if th' American people can govern thimselves they can govern anything that walks."

MAX WEST.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Perils and
problems
of our mixed
population.*

Since Americans are about the most mixed people to be found on the globe, it is fitting that we should know just who we are and where we came from, who of us have the best opportunities, behave the better, work harder, have the larger families, etc. Heretofore, such information has been locked up from the average person in large volumes of government publications. But now the most interesting of the population statistics have been worked over and interpreted by Professor John R. Commons in his "Races and Immigrants in America" (Macmillan). The work is scientific as to method and popular in style, and forms a very useful handbook about the American population. Professor Commons describes the colonial race elements, the nineteenth century additions to the American population, the negroes and their problems, and questions of race and nationality as related to industry, occupations, labor unions, city life, crime, health, and politics. In the opinion of the author, the inferior races are those of the tropics; these can be assimilated or Americanized only with difficulty. The Jews are the most healthy of the American people, and the negroes least so; the negroes are the most criminal, with foreign-born people coming next; up to this time the Germans have come to this country in greater numbers than any other nationality; the Scotch-Irish have been, in proportion to numbers, the most influential elements in our population; the Irish have proved to be the best fitted to unite diverse nationalities under their political leadership. These are some of the points discussed, with enlightening explanation by the author. It is his belief that it is becoming more difficult to Americanize immigrants, because our population is nearing the point of saturation; consequently more stringent regulation of immigration is necessary. Race problems, we are told, are hostile to true democracy. According to the standards set up by Mr. Commons, we are far from being a true democracy, the greatest obstacle being the presence of the negro race, which at present, it seems, will not be assimilated.

*The latest
"spade-work"
in the Aegean.*

For some half-dozen years we have been gropingly following the amazing excavations in Crete, now hoping that "Egyptian Synchronism" would lead us to the blessed sunlight, now fearing that the "Late Minoan II." was only luring us into deeper recesses of error. However, our experience in pursuing elusive monographs or scattered articles in forty or more periodicals, "each in an alien tongue," must prepare us to sympathize with Mr. Evans and the other patient delvers, or even with the old-time victims of the labyrinth. To our bewildered wandering, Professor Ronald M. Burrows holds out, as a sort of Ariadne's thread, "The Discoveries in Crete" (E. P. Dutton & Co.). His offering guides us clearly to the following conclusions: That the work of excavating in Crete is in thoroughly competent hands; that the final results will be tremendously important for our knowledge of early Mediterranean history and development; that in the second millennium B. C. a powerful and opulent dynasty held sway in this island over a highly civilized community; that its relations with Egypt and the Orient were exceedingly close; and, above all, that the archaeological situation for this period has become desperately complicated, and that a few thousand pressing and interesting questions must remain unanswered for several years. Throughout the book, Professor Burrows has adhered conscientiously to his plan of setting before the classical scholar and general cultured public "a clear and comprehensive account of where we stand." But the trouble is, we do not stand anywhere in particular. Indeed, as is implied in the preface, "the next month's spade-work" is likely to put any book out of date; and the temporary lull in the excavations can hardly save the present volume from being ephemeral even if opportune. In the mean time "The Discoveries in Crete" will be welcome to a limited circle for its painstaking summary of the present situation, its impartial balancing of probabilities, and its valuable bibliography.

*Some historic
haunts in the
old Bay State.*

Material for fireside travel grows rapidly. Another illustrated book of rambles, intermingling description with history, and divided into chapters charmingly brief and to the point, is Mr. Charles Burr Todd's "In Olde Massachusetts," the fourth issue in the "Grafton Press Historical Series," edited by Dr. Henry R. Stiles. Twenty-one places of interest are visited, and an attempt is made to call up a vision of the scenes as they were "during the early days of the Commonwealth." Forefathers' Rock at Plymouth is called "the stepping-stone of a new empire"—not quite accurately, in view of what we are in these days learning about Provincetown and the earlier landing made there by the Mayflower Pilgrims, to say nothing of the almost forgotten landing of English voyagers at Pemaquid, Maine, in the summer of 1607. The writer speaks of Miles Standish's dinner-pot as "rather insecurely mounted on three rudimentary legs"; but of course he remembers that

it was a kettle to be hung over the great open fire, not a pot for the oven, and the legs had a good right to be rudimentary. The steep and difficult approach that he describes as leading to Monument Mountain in Stockbridge is happily a thing of the past; since the public-spirited woman who owned the mountain gave it as a perpetual pleasure-ground to the public, a few years ago, a good path has been made to the summit, with only a little steepness at the very end. But the author frankly warns us at the outset that his sketches will occasionally be found untrue to present conditions, having been originally published in various periodicals between 1880 and 1890.

*Ethics in
business and
in politics.*

"Standards of Public Morality," by President Hadley of Yale, is the second number of the "American Social Progress Series" published by the Macmillan Company. It is composed of five chapters delivered last winter in New York as lectures on the John S. Kennedy Foundation, and treating of the formation of public opinion, the ethics of trade, the ethics of corporate management, the workings of our political machinery, and the political duties of citizens. All these subjects are discussed with the writer's wonted clearness, force, and good sense, and with a first-hand knowledge derived from his early experience as a labor commissioner and as a journalist. Sometimes, as a scholar should, he points his moral with an allusion at once witty and learned, as in his citations from Aristotle's "Politics"; and his general tone, that of one impartial and open to conviction, tends to win assent. His recognition of party machines and party bosses as practical necessities marks him out as not exactly the typical "scholar in politics," and his lack of enthusiasm for arbitration and for profit-sharing in the commercial world shows him to be other than a theorist in things practical. A short extract from the chapter on the citizen's political duties will give the quality of the writer's thought. "It is not," he declares, "his chance of office alone, but his chance of influencing his associates and setting a mark for his opponents, that the politician throws aside when he deserts his party. Therefore, if a man's record shows that he has been honestly anxious to do public service, I am very slow to criticise him for standing by his organization through a good deal that is rather bad." Excellent though the book is, a little more of the "scorn of scorn," the "hate of hate," the love of all ideals of even impossible perfection, might have been expected—and twenty years ago would have been expected—in a New England college president's treatment of the subjects discussed.

*Chapters in the
history of a
famous myth.*

To the mass of literature growing out of the resolutions adopted by the people of Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, in 1775, is added a volume by Mr. William Hoyt entitled "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence" (Putnam). This volume strengthens the conviction that no new light is likely

to be thrown on the matter, and that argument only is left. The so-called exposure of the forged copy of the missing "Cape Fear Mercury," in the periodical and quarterly press last year, shows the lengths to which those must go who would add to the facts in the case. Mr. Hoyt attempts only to collect and examine the existing material. He makes no attempt to discredit the story that certain resolutions were adopted by the people of Mecklenburg County in 1775, but thinks the date should be May 31 rather than May 20. Then he produces arguments to prove that whatever the people adopted could not have been "independence" because it did not secure them independence — a polemic situation which much resembles a man of straw. This seems to be the only myth the author feels called upon to destroy. He absolves Thomas Jefferson from the charge of plagiarism, in his Declaration of Independence of 1776. The volume may be regarded as a history of the controversy, rather than a history of the Declaration. The last page leaves the reader as helpless as the first, in ability to separate hearsay from evidence. But the book is valuable as a history of a controversy which has raged for more than a century, at one time intensified by sectionalism, which has brought a heroic defense from the descendants of the signers, which has induced forgery, and seems as yet no nearer a settlement than when it began. The appendix contains valuable documents connected with the dispute, while in the volume may be found facsimiles of the forged newspaper of 1775 containing the resolutions, of the spurious document lithographed for the anniversary celebration at Charlotte in 1892, and of various letters by which the "recollections" of the event were written out twenty-five years after they occurred. A bibliography and an index would have added to the usefulness of the work.

Romantic haunts of song and story. Two attractive little volumes by Miss Violet Paget (better known by her pen-name of "Vernon Lee") are issued in a second edition by the John Lane Company. They are "Genius Loci: Notes on Places," and "Pope Jacynth, and Other Fantastic Tales." Though the first book is built on a more substantial basis of fact than the second, the imaginative element predominates in each, and they may well be grouped together. In the introduction to her notes and reminiscences of favorite haunts in Italy, France, and Germany, the writer says of her chosen title: "Genius Loci. A divinity, certainly, great or small as the case may be, and deserving of some silent worship. But, for mercy's sake, not a personification; not a man or woman with mural crown and attributes, and detestable definite history, like the dreadful ladies who sit round the Place de la Concorde. To think of a place or a country in human shape is, for all the practice of rhetoricians, not to think of it at all. No, no. The Genius Loci, like all worthy divinities, is of the substance of our heart and mind, a spiritual reality." Her "fantastic tales" are suggested in each instance

by some scrap of mediæval legend, or bit of art, or relic of antiquity; and the treatment has always poetic grace and romantic flavor, even though the supernatural, the weird, and occasionally the gruesome and horrible, tend to predominate. As fairy tales they are too highly wrought, too much embellished with learned allusions and far-fetched conceits, to please younger readers — for whom they were doubtless not intended; but for those who care more for exquisite form than solid substance these airy creations of a rich and lively imagination are excellent reading.

Great generals of America. A new biographical series dealing with the lives of "Leading Americans" has been planned under the promising editorship of Professor W. P. Trent. The series opens well with "Leading American Soldiers" by Mr. R. M. Johnston, whose books on Napoleon have shown his training and skill as a writer. Thirteen generals are selected for discussion, — Washington and Greene from the Revolution, Jackson, Taylor, and Scott from the middle period, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McClellan, and Meade from the North, and Lee, Jackson, and J. E. Johnston from the South. From fifteen to sixty-five pages are given to each subject, including the main facts of his life and an outline of his campaigns, with intelligent criticism of them. This criticism, though briefly expressed, is the valuable feature of the book and makes it worth a careful reading, especially by those who have accepted the traditional opinions found in the popular histories. There is necessarily some repetition of facts in the treatment of the eight generals of the Civil War, but the emphasis is different in each case as a different soldier occupies the centre of the stage. Volumes of the series are announced on our leading scientists, historians, lawyers, novelists, and others, to be written by men whose work is known and approved. (Henry Holt & Co.)

First aid to the teacher. Professor W. C. Bagley's new book on "Classroom Management" (Macmillan) will be useful to any teacher who has not solved all his practical problems, and particularly valuable to the young teacher. The great virtue of the book is its actuality; its material has been gathered mainly from experience and observation. The writer constantly sums up the best expert opinion upon the question in hand, and while not without decided opinions of his own, expresses them with modesty and full recognition of the great range of belief upon most practical questions. The contents of the book may be suggested by a few of the chapter titles: "The Daily Program," "Hygienic Conditions in the Schoolroom," "Order and Discipline," "Penalties," "The Problem of Attention." The thought is sane and illuminating throughout, and the form is always clear and strong. We know of no other book that will bring more varied and abundant help to the teacher in actual hand-grips with his task.

NOTES.

"The Elements of Mechanics," by Messrs. W. S. Franklin and Barry Macnutt, is a text-book for colleges and technical schools just published by the Macmillan Co.

A volume of "Character Portraits from Dickens" has been compiled by Mr. Charles Welsh, and will be published during the fall by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co.

Dr. Todhunter has translated into English verse Heine's "Buch der Lieder," and the result will be issued shortly as one of the volumes in the "Oxford Library of Translations."

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. publish a new edition of that very valuable work, the "Ancient Society" of Lewis H. Morgan. The original copyright is dated just thirty years ago.

The Messrs. Scribner import the latest edition (the twenty-second in English) of Baedeker's "Switzerland," that book which has been the Alpine tourist's guide, philosopher, and friend for half a century and more.

Still another "American History" for the use of secondary schools has come to us from the Macmillan Co. It is the work of Mr. Roscoe L. Ashley, the author of a series of text-books on civil government which are among the best in existence.

"The Travel Lovers' Library," one of the most successful of the many excellent series published by Messrs. L. C. Page & Co., will be augmented this year by a work in two volumes on the Umbrian Cities of Italy, by A. M. and J. W. Cruickshank.

From Mr. David Nutt, London, we have a second edition of Mr. G. G. Coulton's "From St. Francis to Dante," containing a considerable amount of fresh matter from Salimbene's chronicle, and many additions to the notes and appended matter.

Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," with one hundred additional poems (bringing the collection down to the end of the 19th century), is being published in the Oxford editions of standard authors. The whole of FitzGerald's version of Omar Khayyam is given.

Mr. John Belcher's "Essentials in Architecture," imported by the Messrs. Scribner, is a popular treatise which is confined to a few general principles instead of being overloaded with details, and which is illustrated by a choice selection of photographic examples of typical styles.

Volume VII. of the "Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society," published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate, includes eight papers read before the Society during the past year. Among their authors we may name the Rev. Hastings Rashdall, Professor F. C. S. Schiller, and Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson.

"Steps in English," a book of composition and rhetoric, by Dr. Thomas C. Blaisdell; "An American Book of Golden Deeds," by Mr. James Baldwin; and a volume on "Foods" in Mr. Frank G. Carpenter's "Industrial Readers," are three recent school publications of the American Book Co.

A set of reprints called the "Indian Captivities Series" is being undertaken by the H. R. Hunting Co., Springfield, Mass. The first issue gives us "A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson," reproduced from the third edition, published in 1814 at Windsor, Vermont. The volume is supplied with a historical introduction by Mr. Horace W. Bailey. The edition is limited.

The growing popularity of Richard Jefferies is attested by two new editions of his best-known books — "The Life of the Fields," "The Open Air," and "Nature near London," — announced for fall publication. One of these sets, with introductions by Mr. Thomas Coke Watkins, will be issued by Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; the other, of English manufacture, will bear the imprint of Messrs. George W. Jacobs & Co.

The latest issue in the "Old South Leaflets" is a "Longfellow Memorial," in which are brought together the noteworthy tributes paid to Longfellow at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society following his death in 1882, together with some of the tributes at the meeting in February of the present year, the month of the centennial celebration. Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and Holmes were all members of the Historical Society, and all deeply interested in local as well as general history; and this is impressively shown in this memorial leaflet relating to Longfellow. It is sold, like all the leaflets, for five cents a copy.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co.'s fall season will open on September 14, with the publication of the following: "The Familiar Letters of James Howell," in two volumes, with an Introduction by Miss Agnes Repplier; Thomas Hood's ballad, "Faithless Nelly Gray," with many amusing illustrations by Mr. Robert Seaver; a new edition of Alice Prescott Smith's "Montlivet," with frontispiece in color; Everett T. Tomlinson's new story for boys, "The Campfire of Mad Anthony"; two volumes in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx series of prize essays in economics, "The Causes of the Panic of 1893" by William Jett Lauck and "Industrial Education" by Harlow S. Person; Part I. of Vol. II. of Charles Sprague Sargent's "Trees and Shrubs"; a new series of popular poets, in leather bindings at popular prices, including Longfellow, Tennyson, Whittier, Emerson, Aldrich, Holmes, Lowell, Hart, Sill, and others; and Hawthorne's "Grandfather's Chair" and William Eliot Griffis's "Brave Little Holland," both in the "Riverside Juvenile Classics."

The following detailed information regarding the important forthcoming "Cambridge History of English Literature" is sent us by the American publishers, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons: "The work will cover the whole course of English literature from Beowulf to the end of the Victorian age. Each chapter will be the work of a writer who is familiar with the subject, and who has been accepted as an authority on his subject; while the editors will retain the responsibility for the character of the work as a whole. The list of contributors includes American and Continental as well as English scholars. It is intended (1) to give a connected account of the successive movements, both main and subsidiary, in English literature; this implies an adequate treatment of secondary writers, instead of leaving these to be overshadowed by the greater personalities; (2) to trace the progress of the English language as a vehicle of English literature; (3) to take note of the influence of foreign literatures upon English literature, and (though in a smaller degree) of the influence of English upon foreign literatures; and (4) to provide each chapter with a sufficient bibliography. The work is intended to appeal to the general reader as well as to the literary student. Facts that have been duly verified rather than surmises and theories, however interesting, are to form the foundation of the work. Controversy and partisanship of every kind are to be scrupulously avoided. It

is the hope of the editors as of the publishers, that the work will furnish a comprehensive, strictly accurate, impartial and, as far as may prove possible, impersonal, account of the present condition of knowledge as to the entire course of English Literature and as to all the matters concerning this literature." Messrs. A. W. Ward and A. R. Walker are the editors of the work, which will be complete in fourteen volumes. The first volume is announced for early publication.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 77 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Memoirs and Artistic Studies of Adelaide Ristori.** Rendered into English by G. Mantellini; with Biographical Appendix by L. D. Ventura. Illus. large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 262. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.50 net.
- The Memoir of Ann Lady Fanshawe.** Wife of the Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart., 1600-72. Reprinted from the Original Manuscript in the possession of Mr. Evelyn John Fanshawe of Parloes. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 8vo, gilt top, pp. 617. John Lane Co. \$5. net.
- Ralph Heathcote:** Letters of a Young Diplomatist and Soldier during the Time of Napoleon, Giving an Account of the Dispute between the Emperor and the Elector of Hesse. By Countess Günther Gröben. Illus. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 266. John Lane Co. \$5. net.
- George Morland.** By David Henry Wilson, M.A. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 307. "The Makers of British Art." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.
- Stars of the Stage.** New vols.: Herbert Beerbohm Tree, by Mrs. George Cran; W. S. Gilbert, by Edith A. Browne. Each illus., 12mo, gilt top. John Lane Co. Per vol., \$1. net.
- Alfred Bruneau.** By Arthur Hervey. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 56. "Living Masters of Music." John Lane Co. \$1. net.
- The Story of My Childhood.** By Clara Barton. With portraits, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 125. Baker & Taylor Co. 50cts. net

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Poetry and Progress in Russia.** By Rosa Newmarch. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 260. John Lane Co. \$0.50 net.
- From St. Francis to Dante:** Translations from the Chronicle of the Franciscan Salimbene (1221-1288), with Notes and Illustrations from other Medieval Sources. By G. G. Coulton, M.A. Second edition revised and enlarged; illus., 8vo, pp. 446. London: David Nutt.
- The Heresy of Job.** By Francis Coutts, with the Inventions of William Blake. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 127. John Lane Co. \$2. net.
- In a Nook with a Book.** By Frederic W. Macdonald. 16mo, pp. 222. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.
- Genius Locl:** Notes on Places. By Vernon Lee. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 211. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- Pope Jacynth, and Other Fantastic Tales.** By Vernon Lee. New edition; 12mo, gilt top, pp. 200. John Lane Co.
- A Short History of Jewish Literature,** from the Fall of the Temple (70 C. E.) to the Era of Emancipation (1786 B. C.). By Israel Abrahams, M.A. 12mo, pp. 175. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1. net.
- In Lighter Vein:** A Collection of Anecdotes, Witty Sayings, Bon Mots, Repartees, Eccentricities and Reminiscences of Well-Known Men and Women. Collected and edited by John De Morgan. With frontispiece, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 164. Paul Elder & Co.

NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- Thoreau's Works.** Bijou edition. Comprising: The Maine Woods, with Introduction by Annie Russell Marble; Excursions, with Biographical Sketch by Ralph Waldo Emerson; A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers, with Introduction by Nathan H. Dole; Cape Cod, with Introduction by Annie Russell Marble; Walden, with Introduction by Charles G. D. Roberts. Each with frontispiece, 16mo, gilt top. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. Per set, \$2.50.
- The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.** Edited, with Critical Introduction and Notes, by Edmund Clarence Stedman and George E. Woodberry. With photogravure portrait, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 220. Duffield & Co. \$1.

BOOKS OF VERSE.

- The Romance of King Arthur.** By Francis Coutts. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 217. John Lane Co. \$1.25 net.
- Children of Romance:** In Memory of James Fenimore Cooper. By Clinton Scollard. 12mo, uncut, pp. 6. Clinton, N.Y.: George W. Browning. Paper.
- A Boy's Book of Rhyme.** By Clinton Scollard. New England edition; 12mo, pp. 82. Clinton, N.Y.: George W. Browning. 75 cts.
- The Snow Bride, and Other Poems.** By Daniel Hugh Verder. M.A. 12mo, pp. 140. New York: Charles Francis Press.
- The Blind Rose.** By Thomas Horace Evans. 12mo, uncut, pp. 44. Philadelphia: The Novo Publishing Co. Paper.
- Nannie: A Song of the Heart.** By Louis M. Elahemus. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 37. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.
- Satires.** By Edwin Sauter. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 55. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.
- Youth.** By J. H. Wallis. 12mo, gilt top, pp. 45. Boston: The Gorham Press. \$1.

FICTION.

- A Lost Leader.** By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Illus., 12mo, pp. 296. Little, Brown, & Co. \$1.50.
- Barbary Sheep.** By Robert Hichens. Illus., 12mo, pp. 258. Harper & Brothers. \$1.25.
- The Successor.** By Richard Pryce. 12mo, pp. 331. Duffield & Co. \$1.50.
- The Man-eater Murders.** By A. C. Fox-Davies. 12mo, pp. 229. John Lane Co. \$1.50.
- Timan.** By Tom Gallon. 12mo, pp. 315. Small, Maynard & Co. \$1.50.
- Her Prairie Knight.** By B. M. Bower. Illus. in color, 12mo, pp. 314. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.25.
- Clem.** By Edna Kenton. With frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 275. Century Co. \$1.
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THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

- The Life of Jesus: A Manual for Teachers.** By Herbert Wright Gates. 12mo, pp. 156. University of Chicago Press. 75 cts.
- The Life of Jesus.** Prepared in Outline by Herbert Wright Gates. Large 8vo. University of Chicago Press. Paper, 50 cts.
- Gloria Christi: An Outline Study of Missions and Social Progress.** By Anna R. B. Lindsay, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 302. Macmillan Co. 50 cts. net.
- Child Religion in Song and Story.** By Georgia Louise Chamberlin and Mary Root Kern. 12mo, pp. 256. University of Chicago Press. \$1.
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EDUCATION.

Composition-Rhetoric. By Thomas C. Blaisdell, Ph.D. Illus., 12mo, pp. 405. American Book Co. \$1.

Natural School Geography. By Jacques W. Redway and Russell Hinman. In 2 parts; each illus., 4to. American Book Co. Per vol., 75 cts.

Foods: or, How the World is Fed. By Frank G. Carpenter. 12mo, pp. 362. American Book Co. 80 cts.

Shelley: Selected Poems. Edited by George Herbert Clarke, M.A. With frontispiece, 18mo, pp. 268. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cts. net.

An American Book of Golden Deeds. By James Baldwin. 12mo, pp. 304. American Book Co. 50 cts.

Saint Genest and Venocesias. By Jean Rotrou; edited by Thomas F. Crane. With frontispiece, 12mo, pp. 433. Ginn & Co.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Big Game Shooting on the Equator. By Captain F. A. Dickinson; with Introduction by Sir Charles Norton Eliot. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 266. John Lane Co. \$4 net.

A Narrative of the Captivity of Mrs. Johnson. Reprinted from the third edition published at Windsor, Vermont, 1814, with all corrections and additions. Illus., 18mo, pp. 194. Springfield, Mass.: H. R. Huntting Co.

Behind the Scenes with the Mediums. By David P. Abbott. 12mo, pp. 328. Open Court Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

Superstition and Education. By Fletcher Bascom Dresslar. 4to, uncut, pp. 239. Berkeley, Cal.: The University Press. \$2.50.

Proceedings of the Aristotelian Society. New series, Vol. VII.; 8vo, pp. 244. London: Williams & Norgate.

The State in Constitutional and International Law. By Robert Trent Crane. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 78. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

The Making of a Successful Husband: Letters of a Happily Married Man to his Son. By Casper S. Yost. 18mo, pp. 189. G. W. Dillingham Co. \$1.

Poor Richard Jr.'s Almanack Reprinted from "The Saturday Evening Post." 24mo, pp. 128. Henry Altemus Co. 50 cts.

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